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LITERARY EMPORIUM;
A
COMPENDIUM

OF

Religious, Literary and Philosophical
Knowledge.

—
"MULTUM IN PARVO."
—

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PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY EMPORIUM:

A COMPENDIUM OF
RELIGIOUS, LITERARY, AND PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

In the first place, light literature will find no place in its pages, *i.e.* love tales, literary trash, &c. Secondly, sectarianism will not be admitted into the Emporium; or in other words, it will favor no particular sect; but it will advocate the religion of the Bible in the strongest terms, and will urge the necessity not only of a change of heart, but a virtuous and holy life, in order to be truly happy in this world and to be prepared for that which is to come. In regard to its literary character, it is designed to be of such a nature, as to water the thirsty soul that is studiously endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of man in his past and present condition; also, some information in relation to the different sciences and arts, and the variety of the works of nature, with such miscellaneous reading as will invigorate the faculties of the mind, give scope to the imagination, while it shall address itself to the good sense of all who desire to be truly elevated by reading.

Our object in the beginning was to establish a sound literature, which we deem of much importance to the future destiny of this country. We bless God that he has smiled upon our efforts; for although the Emporium has been in existence but two years, and has just entered upon the third, it has already attained a circulation of fifteen thousand, which is unequalled in the history of Magazines. It is got up in better style, and contains more reading, and from abler pens, than any other magazine of its price in the United States.

Christian Friend, we hope you will aid us in the extensive circulation and support of a work, which we think calculated to enrich the mind, and inspire the soul to the love of virtue, and its Divine Author. The very extensive circulation of light and frothy literature, as it is called, is taking by wholesale, the very life blood of the morality and religion of the youth of our country. Is it not time for Christians to act in this matter?

We give below the *free* opinions of the press.

From Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal, Boston.

THE LITERARY EMPORIUM.—Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of the 2d volume have been sent us by *Wellman, New York*. They contain some of the finest articles of our best writers, and are illustrated with beautiful steel engravings, and colored plates of flowers.

From the Protestant Churchman, New York.

THE LITERARY EMPORIUM.—This monthly is always filled with sterling matter, which a Christian parent need not fear to introduce into the family circle.

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THE LITERARY EMPORIUM.—The articles are of a high order of literature, selected with great care, and are the productions of the most eminent names of the literary world.

From the New York Evangelist.

The 1st volume of this well conducted magazine has been elegantly bound, and makes, with its numerous engravings, and its carefully selected and original articles, both a beautiful and attractive work. The editor has exercised a judicious taste in the selections, and taken a wide range of English literature, so as to bring together the productions of the most eminent names of the literary world.

From the Scientific American.

THE LITERARY EMPORIUM.—This literary gem for March, is now before us, and is in style, embellishments, and contents, equal to the previous numbers. It is filled with excellent articles; only \$1.00 per annum, and could a specimen number be shown to every family in the United States, it would insure the publisher at least 200,000 subscribers.

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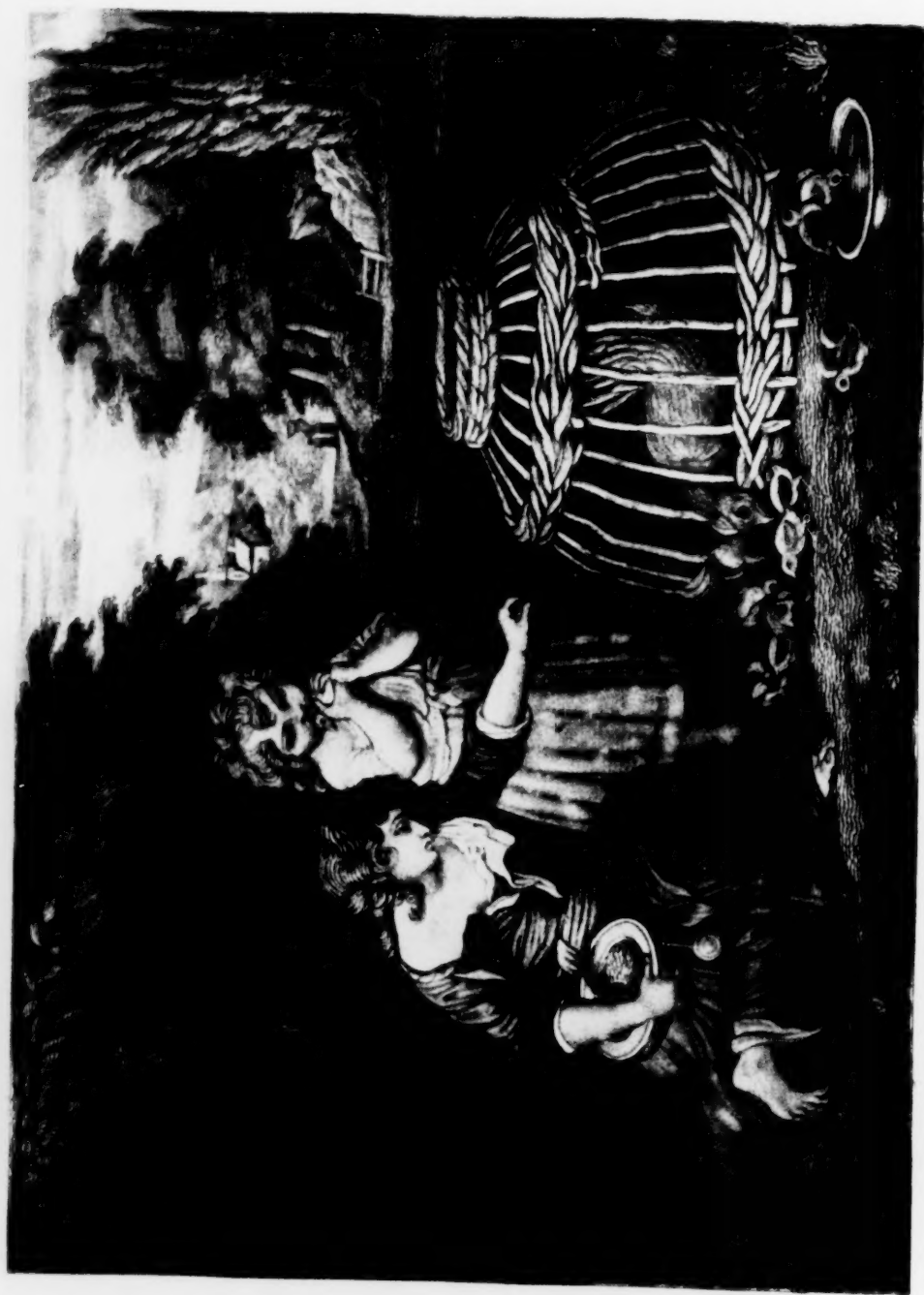
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P. S. Any newspaper that will insert the above one or more times shall receive it one year.

N. B. All of our exchanges are invited to publish the above, if convenient.





GENIUS AND ITS REWARD.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

WHAT a glorious gift is that of eloquent utterance! The laurels of the warrior are only achieved on the field of blood; the honors of the statesman depend on the fickle breath of the multitude; but the author—the creator—he who in the seclusion of his closet can commune with the sacred majesty of truth, whose oracles he has been chosen to interpret; he who can people the narrow limits of his solitary chamber with images of beauty; he who, amid the sands of worldliness, has found the “diamond of the desert,” while its sweet waters are welling up in all their freshness and purity—what a noble power is his! And what a strange and mystic faculty is that which gives to “airy nothings” such shapes as make them seem, even to the coarse-minded worldling, like familiar friends; which imparts to unsubstantial dreams a visible and life-like presence; which invests the impalpable shadows of the brain with the attributes of humanity, and demands for these fairy creatures of the fancy our kindest and warmest sympathy! What a godlike gift is that which enables the lonely student to sway the minds of myriads on whom his eye may never rest with a glance of friendly recognition; to move as if by one impulse the hearts of thousands; to stir up high and holy feelings in bosoms which the commerce of the world and the exigencies of life had chilled and hardened!

Yet it is with the mind as with the body; the exercise of our physical energies is delightful in proportion as it is the act of unfettered volition. The man who, in the sportiveness of health and spirits, will go into the woodland and make the strokes of his axe ring through the forest aisles, would find little pleasure in the same labor if necessity had driven him to become a hewer of wood. The well-trained dancer, whose lithe form moves to

the voice of music as if she were an embodiment of the spirit of harmony, feels none of the pure joy which once possessed her, when, in the freedom of childish mirth, her dance was but the evidence of a lightsome heart. It is only when the will is left free to direct the faculties that we can derive full gratification from our consciousness of power; and if this be true of the body—that mere machine which, from its earliest sentient moment, is submitted to restraint and subjection—how much more so is it of the free and unchained mind! It matters not whether the fetters that are laid upon the soul be forged from the iron sceptre of necessity, or wrought from the golden treasures of ambition; still they are but chains, and he who would feel the true majesty of mental power must never have worn the badge of thralldom.

It is not the triumph of satisfied ambition which affords the highest gratification to the truly noble-minded. Intellectual toil is its own exceeding great reward. The applause of the world may gladden the heart and quicken the pulse of the aspirant for fame, but the brightest crown that was ever laid on the brow of genius imparts no such thrill of joy as he felt in that delicious moment when the consciousness of power first came upon him. It is this sense of power—this innate consciousness of hidden strength, which is his most valued guerdon; and well would it be for him if the echo of worldly fame never resounded in the quiet, secluded chambers of his secret soul! Well would it be if no hand ever offered to his lips the cup of adulation, whose magic sweetness awakens a thirst no repeated draughts can slake! Well would it be if the voice of a clamorous multitude never mingled with the sweeter music of his own gentle fancies! Well would it be if he could always abide in the pure regions of elevated thought, leaving the mists and the darkness, the lightnings and tempests of a lower world, beneath his feet! Titian, living amid wealth and honors, and dying in the arms of a weeping monarch, presents to the eye of thought a far less noble picture than the poor, unfriended, humble Correggio, when, at the sight of some glorious works of art, the veil which had hidden his own resplendent genius was suddenly lifted from his eyes, and he exclaimed, in the ecstasy of an enlightened spirit, “Io anche son pittore!” I too am a painter!

With the first knowledge of innate power to the mind of genius comes also the desire of benefiting humanity, and, at that moment, when the fire which God has lighted within the soul burns upward with a steady light toward heaven, while it diffuses its pure splendors on a darkened world around—at such a moment man is indeed but a little lower than the angels.

“Could he keep his spirit to this pitch
He might be happy;”

but, alas! the mists of earth rise up around him; the light is dimmed upon the altar; less holy gleams shoot athwart the growing darkness, and, too often, the fading flame of spiritual existence is rekindled at the bale-fires of the nether world.

There is something fearful in the responsibility which attaches to the expression of human thought and feeling. "We may have done that yesterday," says Madame de Stäel, "which has colored our whole future life." Appalling as this idea is, the reflection that in some idle mood and in some uncounted moment, now gone past recall, we may have uttered that which has influenced the opinions, the feelings, perhaps the fate of *another*, is even more terrific to the conscience. Who cannot remember some single word, some careless remark, which, coming from lips fraught with eloquence, or uttered from a heart filled with truth, has affected our early fortunes and perhaps our life-long destiny? Who cannot look back upon some moment in life when the unconscious accents of another have withheld the foot which already pressed the verge of some frightful precipice? Who cannot recall, in bitter anguish of spirit, some hour when the "voice of the charmer" has won the soul to evil influences and late remorse? If such things come within the experience of each one of us (and that they do no one can doubt), may not every human being, however humble, feel awed before the simple power of human expression? Oh! it is a fearful thing to pour out one's soul in eloquent utterance! fearful, because it opens the inner sanctuary to the gaze of vulgar eyes; fearful, because its oracular voice is rarely interpreted aright; doubly fearful, because even its most truthful sayings may be of evil import to those who listen to its teachings.

"When the gifts of genius inspire those who know us not with the desire to love us, they are the richest blessings that Heaven can bestow upon human nature." This is a woman's sentiment, but it is one to which every gifted soul will respond. I once heard it asserted by one, who has but to look within himself to behold the richest elements of the good and grand most harmoniously commingled, that "there is something essentially feminine in the mental character of a man of genius, while there are also decidedly masculine traits in the intellectual developments of a gifted woman." The idea was at first startling, but it is undoubtedly true. The delicacy of perception, the refinement of thought, the tenderness of fancy which mark the man of genius, approach very nearly to the finest traits of womanly nature; while the vigor of thought and magnanimity of feeling which belong to an enlarged and occupied mind in the gentler sex, are certainly borrowed from the stronger nature of man. There is an assimilation between them, which, while it does not prove

the assertion that "there is no sex in genius," goes far to establish a theory and account for apparent incongruities. It is those very faculties, compelling each, as it were, to trench upon the privileges of the other, which involve and almost insure the social unhappiness of genius. How difficult it is for thought to fold its wings beside the household hearth, or brood with fostering care over the petty duties of life! How much more difficult for the delicate and sensitive nature to assert its manly strength, when every pulse is thrilling with refined emotion! Yet the diligent culture of the affections, the unselfish devotion to social duties, may and do preserve to each its true nature. Hence it is that while others seek for palpable and tangible rewards, the children of genius find so much to prize in the distant and far-off affection which their gifts awaken in loving and humble hearts.

What can impart more pure delight than the consciousness that we have given consolation to the wretched; that we have deepened the thrill of joy in the breast of the happy; that we have elevated the thoughts of an awakened mind, by the expression of unconscious sympathy? How many hearts, aching with excess of feeling, have found vent for their fulness in those exquisite lines of the poet of nature—those lines which contain an embodiment of all the romance, I had almost said of all the poetry, of life:

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

How many have felt the wild surges of feeling heave with a calmer swell when they listened to the solemn music uttered by the great master of passion:

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirit dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's, above?"

How many "nel tempo dei dolci sospiri," have echoed the strain of that passionate emotion which thrilled the heart of Petrarca when he exclaimed:

"Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e 'l anno,
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l' ora, e 'l punto,
E 'l bel paese, e 'l loco ov' io fui giunto
Da duo begli occhi, che legato m' hanno."

How many, while listening to the voice of nature's great high priest, learn to love the gifted beings who have power to interpret the vague oracles of God within their souls; how many would fain utter in nobler language the sentiment which dictated this grateful burst of feeling to one of our country's greatest bards:

To W. C. B.

My thanks are thine, most gifted one! to thee
I owe an hour of intellectual life,
A sweet hour stolen from the noise, and strife,
And turmoil of the world, which, but to see,
Or hear of from afar, is pain to me.
I thank thee for the rich draught thou hast brought
To lips that love the well-springs of pure thought
Which from thy soul gush up so plenteously.
The hymnings of thy prophet voice awake
Those nobler impulses, that, hushed and still,
Lie hidden in our hearts, till some wild thrill
Of spirit-life has power their chains to break;
Then from our long, inglorious dream we start,
As if an angel's tone had stirred the slumbering heart.

It is true, such thanks may come from one whose "name is writ in water"—from a mind which is only endowed with power to enjoy a music it never can create; yet surely it is pleasant to feel that we have imparted pure and intellectual gratification to one of God's creatures, however humble; and that we have awakened, for one brief hour, the joy of inner life.

Well may such things be prized, for they are among the few earthly joys which cheer the heart of genius when the darkness of self-distrust gathers around him. The smile of Heaven may beam upon him with unfading brightness, but he must tread an earthly path, and dangers and sorrows beset him on every side. They who are his daily companions are those who see not into the mysteries of life. They weigh him in the balance of worldly prudence and he is found wanting; they watch his moods and bring them up in judgment against him, as if every variation of a sentiment was a deviation from a moral principle; they try him by tests from which even the enduring spirit of calculation would shrink; they stand afar off and then wonder that he is not of themselves; they seek to despise that which they may not comprehend, and they receive his teachings rather as the ravings of the Delphian Pythoness than as the solemn voice of a prophet. Weary and heart-sick, how often does he pause on his lonely way! how often does he faint in very heaviness of soul! how often does he long to fold his weary pinion in the still chamber of death!

Yet comfort is still for him. The multitude may know him not; the laurel may never wreath his brow to guard it from the lightning which hallows even while it seathes; yet will his clarion voice be heard afar off, and while those pause to catch its tones who have never listened to his household words, it will echo widely through the dim shadow of the future. His thoughts will find a response in hearts that knew him not, and his memory will live, embalmed in sweetest fancies, when he shall have lain down like a weary child to sleep the dreamless sleep of death. His life will be one of fevered hope and chilling disappointment; he will ever grasp after some unattained delight, for it is in vain yearnings after the spiritual that men utter the hymn-

ings of their noblest nature ; he will wander unsatisfied through a world which seems green and beautiful beneath every foot save his ; he will drink of many a Circean cup, but his thirst will be still unslaked, his joy still untasted !

But "*coraggio e pazienza*" must be written upon his heart and upon his banner. Life has only its transient joys and sorrows, while his course is still onward and upward. He may be of those whom the world knows not, but while he guards the sacred flame within his bosom, he is not forsaken of Him who gave that spark of celestial fire. In his journeying across the sands of worldly care, he is guided as were the Israelites of old. When the day-star beams on high and all around seems bright, his eye may see only a pillar of cloud ; but when all earthly light has departed, then does it beam forth a heaven-sent flame to direct his steps to the better land !

Let him never forget that his gifts are not his own. "Is not this the great Babylon that I have built," was the arrogant thought of him who became as the beast of the field. Others may be endowed with the power of gathering the treasures of worldliness ; wealth may fall to the lot of some ; power may be the destiny of others ; popular applause may follow the steps of others ; but to him has been given a nobler faculty, and for a nobler aim. They are "of the earth, earthy ;" in the providence of God all these his creatures are needed to fulfil their mission, and verily they have their reward. But thou, child of genius, art chosen for a higher purpose. It is thy privilege to guard the sacred shield on whose safety depends the welfare of thy fellow beings. Thou art chosen to watch over truth, to interpret the voice of conscience, to utter the oracles of love and wisdom. No selfish dream must fill thy fancy ; the dark form of ambition must fling no shadow over the pure stream of thought within thy bosom.

The world may sneer at the nobleness of soul it cannot imitate ; friends may rebuke the nature they cannot comprehend ; even affection may be blind to the deep mysteries of a high and holy purpose of life ; but still faint not thou ! Like the fabled bird of Eden, it is only in upward flight that thy pinions give out their radiant hues of paradise ; thou wert not meant to fold thy wing above thy weary heart and rest on earth.

To be poor in worldly goods, despised by the worldly wise, half dreaded by the worldly ambitious and only half loved by those on whom thy best affections have been poured forth ; such is thy earthly destiny, O genius ! Thou wilt give thyself out like incense to the wind, like music on the tempest. Yet rejoice thou in thy destiny. The incense may be borne afar off, but it will yet breathe sweetness upon some weary brow ; the melody may

be wasted on the blast, but some faint tones will reach and cheer a brother's sinking heart.

Truly is the gift of genius a glorious one, even in its grief. The fruits which are given to its thirsting lip may be bitter to the taste, but they are plucked from the tree which is "for the healing of the nations."

Brooklyn, L. I.

HYMN TO THE SOUL.

I.

God said, let there be light!
Back fled the startled night,
In swift dismay:
Deep Chaos heard the sound,
To her remotest bound;
Effulgence beamed around,
A radiant day.

II.

Breath of Omnipotence,
Mysterious spirit, whence?
Deathless and fair!
Thou hast no mortal form,
No life-blood free and warm;
The sunshine and the storm!
Thy garments are.

III.

Thought is thine empire; vast
As time the antepast
Thy being hath:
Farther than planets roll,
Deep as creation's soul,
Wide as to either pole,
Thy trackless path!

IV.

To love—to feel the ties
Of human sympathies,
The dawn of Heaven;
Joy in its ardent gush,
And Passion's frenzied rush,
Hope, brighter than the flush
Of stars at even.

V.

Systems and suns shall fade,
And fairest flowers arrayed,
In robes of light:
But thou, oh! deathless part,
A scintillation art
Of the eternal heart—
The Infinite!

VI.

Thy never parting-breath,
 Nor time may steal, nor death
 Nor cold decay;
 Thine eagle-wing doth stray
 To mountain crags away,
 Where, 'mid wild ocean's spray,
 The lightnings play.

VII.

Chained though thou art to earth,
 Thou hast a nobler birth
 And destiny:
 Upward shall be thy flight,
 Or where insatiate night,
 Broods dismal o'er the sight,
 Eternally!

VIII.

Spirit immortal, wake!
 That boundless pathway take,
 By seraphs trod:
 Break thou the sensual reign,
 Dispart the galling chain,
 Arise to life again—
 The smile of God!

[Knickerbocker.]

THE SCRIPTURES AS A SPECIMEN OF LITERATURE.

BY E. C. COGSWELL.

In simplicity and purity of style, and in originality of sentiment, the Bible stands unrivalled. Its purity and eloquence are unsurpassed by any productions ancient or modern. Its material for the exercise of deep thought, for cultivating the taste, for invigorating the imagination, and for eliciting the best feelings of the soul, is rich and exhaustless. Its weighty doctrines, the hopes it enkindles, the fears it arrays, alike prove its divine original.

No *human* composition is so exquisite as *always* to please. Its stores of wisdom are quickly exhausted; the eye soon perceives the end of created perfection; but the beauties of the Bible are none the less lovely, though the charm of novelty may have passed away.

He who can read the inspired narration of Moses with diminished interest, can have no beauty in his own soul. Cold must be that heart which does not kindle at his eloquence, and melt at his pathos.

Moses's account of the Creation is unique. It is abrupt, simple, sublime. The volume of destiny is suddenly thrown open; time is proclaimed; creation arises; and a new race of intelligences appear on the scene. The Almighty voice is addressed to chaos. "Confusion hears it, and wild uproar stands ruled." The waters subside; the verdant landscape is seen; songs burst from every grove; and stars, bright rolling, silent beaming, are hurled forth from the Almighty's hand.

The story of Jacob's darling boy, dressed out in his coat of many colors, sold into Egypt by jealous brothers, rising to be second in power in that mighty nation, saving by his foresight a famishing world, especially the chosen people of God, and dying the most beloved of princes, far surpasses the sublimest conceptions of poets or novelists.

The style of Moses as a Historian, is the best model, both in the vigorous and the sublime, the pleasing and the tender. His history is clothed with the grace of eloquence, the charms of poetry, and the fascinations of fiction.

Poetry is the breathing out of that principle which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; the expression of that aspiration for something more powerful and more thrilling than ordinary life affords.

The Bible is replete with poetry. The Hebrew poets rouse, warm, and transport the mind in strains the sweetest and boldest that bard ever sung; in numbers, the loftiest that imagination ever dictated. No poetry extant equals that which comes to us from the rapt patriarch of Idumea and the inspired prophets of Salem; from the schools of Bethel and Jericho. The Bible is the prototype; the unrivalled model and inspirer of all that is elevated in poetry. It has been a fountain from which later poets have drawn their richest thoughts, their boldest figures, their grandest imagery.

The Psalms of David are an elegant specimen of poetic literature. The character of their diction and expression is vivid, the thoughts animated, passionate. They communicate truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which uninspired poetry can never equal. The Hebrew literature itself contains nothing more lovely.

Among the prophetic writers, Isaiah stands unrivalled. His language possesses surprising beauties. His triumphal song upon the fall of the Babylonish monarch is replete with imagery, diversified and sublime. The conception is bold, the characters are introduced with wonderful art. Nothing is wanting to defend its claims to perfect beauty. In every excellence of composition, it is unequalled by any specimen of Greek or Roman poetry.

The strains of Ezekiel break forth like the gushing of a mighty fountain. He is deep, vehement, tragical. He rouses every energy of the soul; overwhelms the mind by his bold figures, abrupt transitions, fervid expressions. But he who astonishes us by his graphic images, possesses, at the same time, the loveliness of the sweetest poet. For invigorating the imagination, for giving energy of thought and boldness of expression, the writings of Ezekiel are unequalled.

The Bible has stood the test of ages. No closeness of inspection, keenness of investigation or strictures of criticism, have been able to defeat its claims to the highest excellencies of language. Here the man of taste may find every variety of material to discipline the mind, enrich the imagination, and polish the taste.

Of the men that have shed a lustre over ages and nations, the purest and the noblest are those who have been most deeply imbued with the literature of the Bible. The divines of the seventeenth century, those gigantic pillars of English literature, have been celebrated for their love of the excellence of scripture composition. At this fountain the most distinguished poets and orators have drank deepest. What but the literature of the Bible has rendered immortal the writings of Milton and Young? or those of Chatham and Burke, the models of modern eloquence? What else has given interest and power to the writings of Jones, Butler, Hall and Edwards, the admiration of every scholar? It is the literature of the Bible which has sent out a redeeming influence through our whole literary system—an influence which pervades and strengthens the public mind. There is a spirit in the literature of the Bible, before which the lurid fires of impure passion, kindled at the shrine of heathen literature, go out. The whole atmosphere of the Bible is pure and salutary; its clime a region of strong thought; the place for giant minds to thrive in. It is an exhaustless treasury of truths—

"Truths that have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never."

Let the Bible be studied in its original, as we study the *Iliad* of Homer, or the history of Livy, and giants in intellect will rise up, to surpass the loftiest geniuses of past ages. Let the student study the incomparable histories of Moses and Luke, and the sententious writings of Solomon—men of wonderful grasp of mind, of strong massive style, of deep reflection—also the writings of Paul, another name for the perfection of condensed eloquence—the unrivalled poetry of David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Habakkuk; and he will find such a discipline adapted to indurate his mental constitution; to give it muscle and energy; to gird the intellect with power; and to aid him in concentrating its energies so as to bring

vast regions at once to the mind ; to comprehend almost the infinite in the finite, as the "cope of heaven is imaged in the dew-drop."

Such is the literature of the Scriptures. Written by its numerous authors, during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judah, in the rustic schools of the prophets, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offspring of sanctified intellect, the highest effort of genius, the effusions of truth and nature, the overflowings of genuine feeling, the utterance of undisguised sentiments. It is essential truth, the thoughts of heaven. This volume was conceived in the councils of eternal mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love. It blazes with the lustre of Jehovah's glory. It is calculated to soften the heart ; to sanctify the affections ; to elevate the soul. It is adapted to pour the balm of heaven into the wounded heart ; to cheer the dying hour ; and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb. The force of its truth compelled the highly-gifted but infidel Byron to testify that,

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
O! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt or read to scorn."

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS

Ask'st thou why, the world despising,
Unsatisfied with joys terrene,
The Christian's soul delights in rising
To the world of bliss unseen ?

'Tis not that earth affords no pleasures
Which he may taste with pure delight ;
It is that brighter far the treasures
Known to faith but not to sight.

'Tis not that there are none around him,
Whom his soul delights to love,
It is that stronger ties have bound him,
To the Holy One above.

'Tis not that he would bear no longer
The toil that is man's portion here ;
'Tis that he longs with powers far stronger,
To labor in a higher sphere.

'Tis not that here, in darkness shrouded,
The present God he fails to trace ;
'Tis that he longs, with eye unclouded,
To view his Maker face to face.

ODE FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

 BY GEO. H. COLTON, AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH."

I. 1.

HARK! I heard a mournful sound,
 Deep as ocean's groaning surge;
 Minds are wildly wailing round
 A low funereal dirge;
 And spirit voices meet my ear
 With solemn sadness and appalling fear!
 What can it be doth thus my soul affright,
 And startle e'en the slumbering Night?
 It seems with sullen roar Oblivion's wave
 Rolling o'er nations dead and Nature in her grave!

I. 2.

Lo! a haggard spectre train,
 Wild and shadowy shapes appear,
 Bearing on with woful plain
 A corse and sable bier;
 Disease, and Pain, and Penury,
 And Melancholy of the tearful eye,
 Friendship with altered brow, and baffled Guile,
 Remorse, that ne'er was seen to smile,
 Envy, Mistrust, wan Grief, and wasted Care,
 And Disappointment sad, and suicide Despair.

I. 3.

"Wearily, O, wearily,"
 (The mournful chant was said),
 "We bear thy clay-cold corse, O Year, along:
 Thy children all are dead;
 One by one we saw them die,
 And join the Past's innumerable throng.
 Thy faithful followers we have been,
 Ever wasting hapless Man,
 Whose joyless life is shortened to a span,
 Tracking his weary steps through each dark scene.
 Childhood, and Youth, and withered Age,
 On each and all we aye attend,
 Till reaching life's last dusty stage,
 The pilgrim hails e'en tyrant Death a friend,
 Smiles at the icy touch, and joyeth at his end.

II. 1.

"Sisters, brothers, slowly bear
 To his grave the perished Year,
 Wailing to the darkened air
 A dirge above his bier.
 Around him flitting, faded Hours,
 Scatter upon his corse pale, withered flowers;
 For he is hasting to that dim domain,
 Whence he may ne'er return again,
 The Past,—into that peopled Solitude,
 The voiceless, shadowy throng, the years beyond the Flood.

II. 2.

"Ever with the perishing years
From the earth man's race decay,
Journeying on in dust and tears,
Of Time and Death the prey!
Ours is the joy to see them fall,
To wrap them in the winding-sheet and pall,
And bearing their cold forms, like thine, along,
With mockery of mourning song,
Whelm them at last 'neath dark Oblivion's main,
Whence they and thou, O year, shall never wake again!"

II. 3.

Merrily, O, merrily,
Arose another strain,
As this strange company did disappear;
And lo! a joyous train
Passed before my wondering eye,
Bearing in lifted arms the infant Year.
Pleasure, and Youth, and laughing Love,
Hand in hand with Joy and Mirth,
And star-eyed Hope, that ever looks from earth,
And radiant Fancy in light measure move.
On silken wings the blooming Hours
Hovered above the sleeping child,
Dispensing fairest, freshest flowers,
Until the boy awoke, and waking smiled,
To hear this rising strain, so solemn, sweet, and wild.

III. 1.

"See the golden Morn arise,
Where the first faint streaks appear,
Climbing up the dewy skies
To hail the new-born Year,
Attendants of the princely boy,
We bring man's wasted race sweet peace and joy,
While flee yon ghastly train with gloomy Night
Before us and the dawning light.
Raise we on high the joyous natal lay,
And bear the new-born King to meet the early day.

III. 2.

"See the star of Bethlehem
Up the burning east ascend!
Cherubim and Seraphim
Upon its course attend!
Away, away the shadows roll,
That hopeless darkened erst the human soul,
As its bright beams on the mean mansion shine,
Where lowly sleeps the Child Divine.
'Peace, peace to men!' the heavenly voices sing,
And 'peace, good will to men!' the heavenly arches ring!

III. 3.

"Cheerily, then, cheerily,
O child of earth and Heaven,
Bear thou the lot that is appointed here;
Grateful for bounty given,
O'er thy sorrows weep nor sigh,
But welcome with sweet smiles the new-born Year.

For earth is always beautiful,
 In her every hue and form ;
 Enrobed in sunshine, or begirt with storm,
 Still, ever still the earth is beautiful.
 However roll Time's restless wave,
 Yield not, O man, thy soul to gloom,
 Nor deem thy resting-place the grave,
 But watching Bethlehem's star beyond the tomb,
 Hope for immortal life and never-fading bloom.

New Haven.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, ESQ.

I HAVE read that the people of one of the interior nations of Africa elect their king by fastening a cord to the top of a tree, and requiring all the candidates for the regal office to pull at it ; and that candidate who can draw it nearest to the ground, is by acclamation declared king ; not because he is wiser or better, but because he unites in his person more of the important properties of *weight* and *power* than any other man in the nation.

In savage and idolatrous countries, in all ages, the power to acquire dominion has been regarded as a sufficient guaranty for enslaving the feeble and defenceless. Hence it is that because her muscles are weak, and her frame tender, woman has become the slave and inferior of man, and has been doomed to drudgery and degradation to promote his pleasure or indulge his pride. But as degradation is the consequence of ignorance, and slavery the condition of the brute, he who would degrade or enslave even the feeble, must first degrade and enslave the mind, by keeping it locked up in ignorance, both of the dignity of its origin and the glory of its end. Hence tyranny in pagan countries has denied woman the book of knowledge, and in Mohammedan countries the existence of a soul. But wherever civilisation has dawned on the world, and the influence of Christianity been felt, her chains have fallen off—female character has progressively risen, and female education become of greater and greater importance. But much as she has advanced in both these respects, she is yet very far below her proper level and her ultimate destiny. Her education is yet very far from what it ought to be to make her the instructor of her offspring, the ornament of society, and the free, equal, and happy companion of man ; and even where its progress has been sufficiently great, it has been

encumbered with so many wild and wanton growths as to make it almost fruitless of its great and important end.

Situated as we are in reference both to time and eternity, all education is valuable or valueless, as it tends to make the relations we shall hereafter occupy happy or miserable. How unwise, then, to spend the vigor of youth in the acquirement of that which youth only can enjoy, and which, if carried into the more advanced period of life, would only be adding the follies of youth to the follies of age! Life is a short drama at best, and the parts which women play are soonest over. It is the old age of the other sex only which is tormented by the plague of avarice and ambition. It is man only whose

"—— pale withered hands are still stretched out,
Trembling at once with eagerness and age,
With avarice and convulsions grasping hard."

Woman's chief ambition is gratified by a single conquest; the scope of her happiness and usefulness is circumscribed by the domestic and social circle. Beyond this her influence is only felt by its moral reflection on the hearts and lives of mankind. Nor is this the result of any system of education—it is a distinguishing circumstance in her existence—one which God never intended to be otherwise.

What, then, is this highest object of woman's ambition—that in which she feels the deepest interest, and from whence she draws the greatest happiness? It is to be beloved—to call one gallant and faithful heart her own. Poverty, exile, slavery and death have no aspect to her so gloomy as the thought of being forgotten. She will smile like an angel over poverty's scantiest meal—she will follow a lover's footsteps to "distant and barbarous climes"—she will ply her hands to the spindle and the distaff with the constancy of a galley-slave—she will meet death with the fortitude of a heroine—but ah! to be neglected—to be neither the object of joy nor grief, of hope nor fear, of love nor hate, but to wither unseen, like a neglected weed, is more than she can endure.

"The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are raptures to the dreary void—
The leafless desert of the mind—
The waste of feeling unemployed."

How then shall she attain and keep that which is thus the soul of her ambition and the well-spring of her life? If the rose on her cheek was perennial, and the fire in her eye unquenchable, then might she trust in the power of beauty; but when sickness tames the bounding pulse, when the rose fades from the cheek, and the fire from the eye, what then remains to be admired but the superior beauties of the immortal mind?

To our sex is given more of the muscular power possessed

in common with the inferior animals; but the God of nature, as if he would form a connecting link between men and angels, has given to woman the tiny form, the fragile frame, and pictured in her countenance the personification of spiritual existence. How mortifying, then, to the ardent admirer of the fair, to find beneath the form of beauty that index of intellect, a starved, meagre, and dwarfish soul!

Flora was once a lovely laughing girl, possessed of all the external charms which this world calls beautiful. She danced like a fairy and sang like an angel; and when she entered the assembly room, each stranger with fluttering heart asked his acquaintance, "Who is that beautiful creature?" A beardless youth of lofty brow stepped down from the shades of Parnassus, burning with poetic ardor, and revolving in his mind a thousand plans of future greatness—she caught his eye, and his soul was wrapt with the vision—

"——— he looked
Upon it till it could not pass away—
He had no breath or being but in hers.
——— she was his sight;
For his eyes followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects. He had ceased
To live within himself. She was his life—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
That terminated all."

He wooed, and won, and wedded her, and she (fond enthusiast) thought her happiness complete. For a while he doted fondly on her; but—he loves her not now. Why not? She is now his wife, and custom no longer requires that they should consume the time by talking over the little nothings with which the fashionable gallant ekes out an evening's conversation. The sweetmeats of the honeymoon pall upon the sense, and his taste requires something more substantial. He talks to her about the realities of life; but she has lived all her days in the world of imagination. He talks to her about science; but she knows not what he says. He talks to her about literature; but she knows not what it is. He talks to her about the world as it is; but he finds her a stranger in it. He talks to her about the world as it has been in past ages; but the light of history has never beamed on her mind. He finds in her no thought, no feeling in harmony with his own. She touches not the strings of his heart, and like the wires of an untuned instrument, they corrode with the rust of loneliness. He becomes solitary in the bosom of his own family, and seeks society elsewhere. Something (it may be jealousy) whispers in the ear of the once happy Flora, "Your husband despises you!" and her peace of mind is ruined for ever. There may be something unkind in his conduct, but it is the legitimate result of disappointment. It is the common fate of the disappointed, not only to be unhappy themselves, but to make

those around them unhappy also. The disappointment is always in proportion to the interest felt in the object of pursuit, and the human heart cannot affect happiness where it is not felt. He saw the lovely jewel sparkling in the casket, and he sighed to possess it. For a day it sparkled on his finger; but the gilding wore away, and the baser metal showed itself; the cheat was out, and his mortification was greater than if he had never thought it a jewel. The fond and foolish creature had exhausted all her resources to attain her object—like a child enamored of a bird in the bush, she had strewn the last grain about her trap to catch the gilded rover; and when he was caught, he was doomed to starve on chaff, or rudely break his cage and fly away in search of better fare. The conditions of both are unfortunate, but hers is greatly worst. He may resort to books for consolation, or reason himself into the ridiculous opinion that woman is an inferior being, and that his fate is but the fate of all men; but she is without resource, without consolation.

But the *educated* woman forms the nucleus of society at home. Her husband loves her because she is good, and venerates her because she is wise. Her domicile becomes his library and his reading-room, and there is the repository of solid wisdom—not merely the gilded annuals spread out for show, but some of the perennials too—the Miltons, and Popes, and Addisons, and Johnsons. Not the mere butterfly-wing productions of the day, with gaudy covers and virgin pages, unsoiled and untouched, save where the pictured Medora droops her languid head, or my Uncle Toby peeps in the Widow Wadman's eye; but volumes of history, philosophy, poetry, elocution and divinity, whose merits have redeemed them from all-destroying time.

But although the largest portion of woman's happiness is derived from her relation to the other sex, yet it is not the only source of her enjoyment, nor the exclusive object of her ambition. There is another point of view in which education and a literary cast of mind would greatly better her condition. It would open to her a source of excellence and elevation consistent with her nature, and within the reach of the poor as well as the rich—one which the reverses of fortune could not take away. Some stimulus like this is almost indispensable to her intellectual existence; for although her ambition is not towering, there is a kind of aristocracy of which she is more ambitious than man—she is fonder of distinction in the circle in which she moves. I have often been amused by the embarrassment of some clever fellow, whose very soul was imbued with democracy, and who was so much in love with the people that he could hardly attend to his own affairs, to see his wife so aristocratic that she could hardly treat one of the “sove-

reigns" with common courtesy, when he called to shake hands with his humble servant, her husband. Is this ambition of eminence wrong? No, sir, not of itself:

"Ambition first sprang from the bright abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

But like the ambition of the rebel angels, it is wofully misdirected, and tends to ruin and downfall. There is no real distinction among mortals, but such as wisdom and goodness impart; and all distinction built on any other foundation, must sooner or later tumble in ruin on the heads of those who aspire to it. One-half of the poverty and misery in the world grow out of this misguided ambition to be great.

Mrs. Extravaganza is happily married to a young man in moderate circumstances, but of industrious habits, and sufficient income to support his family with comfort and credit; and thus begins the world with flattering prospects. But she is ambitious to be superior to her neighbor's wife. The world acknowledges no real distinction between them—her neighbor's wife is as polite, as learned, as wise, as good as she. From whence then shall her superiority come? From richer silks, costlier furniture, more splendid equipage, a statelier mansion, and a more numerous train of domestics, no one of which is essential to real comfort or convenience. The ship sails well while the sky is clear and the breeze blows fair; but when the storm of adversity comes she is overwhelmed. The expense is too great for the income, and by her misguided ambition she is doomed to perpetual poverty.

But extravagance is not the only way in which this misguided ambition develops itself. It seeks distinction in *affectation* of superiority, more ridiculous than extravagance or poverty. In the estimation of shallow observers, whatever is grotesque requires but little puffing to make it superior. In this way the veriest butterflies in the world seek and often find distinction, while real merit passes to the grave unnoticed. Whether our understanding or our education is at fault, I do not pretend to say; but one thing is certain—we are in this respect the most hoaxable people on earth.

Let some European scullion abjure her mistress' kitchen, put on an air of singularity, and appear among us bedecked with tawdry tissue, and in four and twenty hours a hundred gallant skulls are thumping together to do her homage. She converses with thrilling eloquence in some language which no one of them understands, and the lineaments of Thaddeus Pulaski, or Americus Vesputius, brighten in her countenance; while the beautiful, the lovely, the learned, the simple-hearted buckeye blushes un-

seen, like the desert rose, because she is indigenous to the soil and unobtrusive in her manners.

Several years ago, I conversed with a gentleman who had just returned from Europe, after performing the duties of minister to a foreign court. In speaking of the English nobility, he remarked that the ladies were plain and simple-hearted in comparison with ladies of wealth and fashion in our country. I asked him how he accounted for this, seeing that our institutions were based on the principle of human equality. "They rely, sir," said he, "upon their rank, and have no need of affectation to sustain them." In our country there is no such rank as that on which they rely. It is not desirable that such rank ever should exist. But is there no rank in the republic of letters—is there no eminence in the field of science—is there no elevation in the art of doing good on which the ambitious fair one might rely for distinction, without resorting to the miserable extremes of extravagance and affectation?

But woman should not be educated with reference to her individual happiness alone; she is a social being, and as such, is destined to have her influence on all around her; and you cannot educate one, without to a certain extent educating every other in the neighborhood. They act upon each other like the reeds in the fisherman's flambeau—the moment you light one, it communicates the fire to another, and another, and another, until the whole unites in a flame.

The old adage, that "it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," has often been applied to ladies. Whether they deserve it or not, I do not pretend to decide; but it is certain they are more *curious*, more *communicative*, more *imitative* than men, and consequently more likely to be benefited or injured by the influence of society. A city is too large and unwieldy for observation. In the country the population is too sparse. But go to a village where you can take in society at a single glance, and there make your practical observation. Let some intrigue exist, or some deed of darkness be committed, no matter with how much secrecy, and you might as well attempt to "hide the sun with a blanket, or put the moon in your pocket," as to conceal it from their scrutiny; and when it is found out, it rests like sin on the conscience of the discoverer, until she has communicated it to every friend she has in the village. But she is imitative. Let some new example of taste, elegance, or fashion make its appearance, and it runs round the circle with almost the speed of electricity; and the thought of being left behind is painful in the extreme.

Mrs. Brocade appears at church in a new-fangled dress, and instantly all the ladies in the neighborhood follow *suit*. Mrs.

M Fiddle sends her little daughter to dancing school, and in four and twenty hours half the matrons in the village inquire of the parson whether it would be a sin to send their little daughters too. Miss Exquisite has been to the city, and meeting with an improvement in the strait-jacket, has compressed her beautiful form to the thickness of a spade-shaft, and "live or die, survive or perish," and in spite of Dr. Muzzy's lecture,* in one week every young lady in town is compressed to the same model. And think you, sir, that this anxiety to *know*—this eagerness to *communicate*—this tendency to *imitate*, was implanted in the breast of woman to poison and make war on the nobler spirit of sympathy and benevolence? No, sir, no such thing. They are the wild luxuriant growths of a noble soul, fallen down from their native bower, and tangled and interwoven with briars and noxious weeds. Only let the hand of education lift them from the ground, disentangle them from the thorny maze, prune away the rubbish, fasten the tendrils to the bower, and teach them to aspire to the nobler objects; and trust me, sir, they will become the ornaments of the sex, and make society redolent of moral sweetness. These very qualities which have so long and so often been the topics of ridicule, are the evidences of mind admirably suited, if properly cultivated, to give and take the blessings of society.

But the influence of woman as a social being, is not confined to her own sex. She wields a powerful influence over the other sex, and especially over her own husband; and very much of his success or disappointment in life depends upon her. Let a man of genius and enterprise be linked for life with an ignorant woman, whose thoughts aspire not with his thoughts—whose sentiments mingle not with his sentiments—whose heart beats not in unison with his heart; and all his energies, like a living victim chained to a body of death, will sicken, gangrene, and die. The man of genius requires both the sympathy and approbation of the other sex to aid him in his efforts, and without them his exertions, however great, will be misdirected. He may be ambitious; but his ambition will be for glory and not for good. His actions in themselves may be noble; but philanthropy will not be their moving spring. He may acquire knowledge, but it will not be devoted to the benefit of mankind. He may accumulate wealth, but it will not be used for the purposes of benevolence. A few examples to the contrary may be found; and those examples are striking, because they are singular; but frozen-hearted selfishness is the common motive of men alienated from the sympathy and influence of the softer sex.

In the age of chivalry, when a young and valorous knight clad

* Dr. Muzzy, at the same session, delivered a lecture on the injurious effects of tight lacing.

in complete steel, entered the tournament, he knew that the eye of beauty marked his deeds, and that the hand of beauty would reward his success; and as if the fire of Minerva inspired his bosom, and the spirit of Minerva nerved his arm, he poised the weapon, warded the thrust, and dealt the blow. And when in quest of adventures, he went up and down, fearless of danger, and despising repose—as he slept beneath the spacious sky, it was not the star that beamed on his helmet, nor the dew-drop that glittered on his breast-plate, but the eye and the tear of his lady-love that inspired his dreams of glory, and steel-ed his heart for the day of battle. And in the rigorous combat, when he covered his breast with his shield, and braced his lance in its rest, he invoked the spirit of his lady-love to aid him in the desperate conflict. Nor were his expectations blasted. When he returned in triumph from the field and laid the trophy of victory at her feet, as if the victory had been her own, she unbuckled his armor and acknowledged him the champion of her honor, and the lord of her heart. But after the youthful votary of science has sacrificed ease, and pleasure, and wealth, to fit himself for usefulness, if he enters the arena of life, with no eye to brighten at his triumphs—no cheek to blush for his fall—no bosom to sympathize with his fortunes—

“If beauty blunts on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claims the triumphs of a lettered heart,”

what motive has he for excellence? Why should not he kneel at the shrine of Mammon, side by side with the mercenary fair one, much more likely to be enamored of his wealth than his learning?

But there is another relation of life in which woman appears more interesting than in any of the former, and in which her thorough and substantial education seems to be more important than that of man—it is the relation of a mother. Such is the nature of the father's business engagements, that if he were ever so well qualified to be an instructor, children, during the earlier period of life, when they are most susceptible of impressions, are almost exclusively under the control of the mother. To her belongs the nurture and training of the moral sentiments, while they are yet so tender that the touch of a ruder hand might snap them from the tiny stem, and blast them for ever. Those very feelings of the mother which men call female weakness, act upon the incipient intellect like the volatile oils and the rainbow colors of the blossom on the embryo fruit, distilling and refining the dews of heaven, and reflecting and softening the rays of light, until it swells into strength and vigor, to be matured by the redundant showers of summer, and ripened in the powerful beams of the sun. The stern philosophy of the father smiles at the sleepless vigilance

and thrilling anxiety with which the mother watches the sleeping infant, and her distracted wildness when its toppling footsteps carry it beyond her sight; yet the actions of the mother under these circumstances make an impression on the infant mind never to be erased, by time, or change, or circumstances; and by an association of ideas, too mysterious to be explained, but too palpable to be denied, the moral lessons inculcated under these circumstances can never be forgotten; and many a heartless rake has been reformed, and many a reckless renegade reclaimed, by the recollection of a mother's precepts, after she had gone to her grave. This powerful influence is happily illustrated in one of those speeches of John Randolph, in which that eccentric orator was wont to wander over the whole universe. In denouncing a certain quality of atheists for the mischief they had done, "Once," said he, "they had well nigh robbed me of my religion; but when the last spark was nearly extinguished, I remembered that when a child, my good old mother called me to her side, and taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

If then the mother is to be instructor of her children, and if the precepts of the mother are of such lasting consequence, how important is it that she herself should be well educated—that her head, and her heart, and her hands should be educated, so that her example may teach where her precept fails, and that her life may stand a monumental preacher to her offspring, pointing its hand to the domestic duties of life, and lifting its eye to "the recompense of reward" in another world!

Is there any other consideration which can add to the importance of female education? Yes, there is one other consideration—the most important of all—the influence which it is to have on her future existence. Were she, according to the religion of Mohammed, a soulless creature of the dust, doomed to fret out a few short years on the stage of existence, alternately the toy and the slave of man, and then lie down like a log, in the hopeless slumber of the grave—why should anything else employ her thoughts but meat, drink, and the butterfly decorations of the body? But Revelation steps in and proclaims her immortality, and lifts her thoughts to enjoyments beyond the reach of mutability and decay.

How vain and empty, then, are all her accomplishments which do not tend to enlighten and elevate the soul, and fit it for a higher destiny! The ancients represent Time by the figure of an angel flying with outspread wings, and carrying in his hand an enormous scythe, with which he cuts down all before him. But not so—he creeps upon us with a stealthy step; he performs his work with smaller and more malignant weapons. He marks

that form of beauty before the glass, and while she polishes her shining ivory, knocks out a tooth—while she curls a sunny ringlet turns it into grey—while she revives the rose on her cheek, ploughs a wrinkle there—while she triumphs in the conquest of her eye, quenches a beam of light from its orbit—while she warbles a song of love, mars its music with the husky notes of age—and anon, like her damask sisters of the spring, her beauty withers and is scattered by the wind. But the mental and moral culture of the mind and the heart impart a charm which neither the malignity of time, nor the ghastliness of age, nor the worms of the grave can destroy. Death may hush the music of the material organ; but the deathless minstrel that was wont to touch its peevish chords shall wake in a higher sphere, with her fingers on the golden wires of a celestial harp, to weave the sweet, and long, and lofty strains of immortality.

[Ladies' Repository.]

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MISS MARGARET ROBINSON OF NEW YORK.

A Prize Composition in the Albany Female Academy, for which a gold medal was awarded.

Bow down, my spirit, and adore, while thus I gaze on thee,
Thou favored spot of all the earth, thrice hallowed Galilee;
Bow down, my spirit, and adore, as in the courts above;
Behold the place the Saviour trod, in sorrow and in love.

Throughout thy valleys rang his words, thy hill-tops heard his voice,
And Hermon from its dewy height called on them to rejoice!
Thy verdant banks his pillow formed, his footsteps pressed thy sod,
And oft thy waters mirrored back the image of a God.

There is no sound along thy shore, no murmur of thy wave,
But tells of him who left the skies, and life eternal gave:
Methinks among those stirring leaves his accents linger yet,
And fancy sees each glittering shrub with tears of pity wet.

While heartless man denied a home, thy trees a shelter made;
Thy smiles of beauty cheered his soul when faithless friends betrayed:
Forsaken, scorned, his mission spurned, no angry wish he knew,
But freely fell his love on all, as falls the gentle dew

How great that love, thy silver waves the tale can well attest,
As from a simple seaman's boat, that floated on thy breast,
The God who reared those lofty hills, and gave the seas their birth,
There deigned to teach the outcast poor, the ignorant of earth.

Or, when oppress by multitudes, he turned him from his way,
And standing on the mountain top, he taught them "how to pray,"
When streams of truth and mercy flowed among the list'ning crowd,
And the stout heart with holy fear, like oaks of Bashan bowed.

That list'ning crowd have passed away; their very names forgot,
While the heavenly world is echoing yet from earth's remotest spot;
And, like thy waves, that gospel sound shall still keep flowing on,
Unchanged by time, unspent by age, till all the earth be won.

"Thy conscious waters knew their God," and yielded to his will,
As moved along the troubled deep, the gentle words, "Be still;"
Or when beneath the starless sky, upon the stormy wave,
He went in mercy's fairest guise, to succor and to save.

When faithless Peter asked a sign, and not a sign was given,
He learned that faith should ever trust, though clouds obscure the heaven;
For faith is like the summer flower, that opes its portals wide,
If the warm sunshine be bestowed, or if it be denied.

Lonely and sad, throughout thy midst, the holy Jordan flows,
Nor ripples with thy curling breeze, nor mingling current knows;
So passed the Saviour through this world, mingling, but yet apart,
With human passions in his frame, the Godhead at his heart.

And meeting with thy western sky, Mount Tabor rears its head,
At whose broad base the Saviour once his famished followers fed,
And on whose summit as he stood, his face with glory shone,
While from the cloud the Father spake, and hailed him as his own.

Capernaum, where the Chosen One his purest lessons taught;
Chorazin and Bethsaida too, where healing oft was wrought;
Low in the dust their fallen towers in shapeless ruin lie,
Who in the fulness of their pride a Saviour dared deny.

Yes, tower and ruin, hill and plain, but most, thou beauteous sea,
Does every varying look of thine some image bring to me;
For though it is with spirit eyes I've looked along thy shore,
With spirit-step have trod the path the Saviour trod before;

I feel the impress on my soul the holy shepherds felt,
When first before the manger rude, adoringly they knelt;
And fain I'd pass away in peace, as though mine eyes *had* seen
The Saviour in his glory bright, nor worldly mist between.

What though thy shores no sightless bard with classic beauty sang,
Nor clang of spear, nor battle-shout, along thy margin rang;
A deeper charm is resting there than mortal lyre can sound,
For there the star of Bethlehem shone, and lo! 'tis holy ground.

Thou art the holy spot of earth, by prophets long foretold,
Where the righteous of the world should come, as to a shepherd's fold;
Thou art the "Mecca of the mind," where man his homage turns,
Thy shores the altars where the heart its purest incense burns.

Thou shalt remain when battling spear to ploughshare shall be turned,
And peace and goodness fill the heart where fearful passions burned;
Thou shalt remain in all thy pride, till nature sinks to rest,
And unborn millions pass away, like foam from off thy breast.

THE SONG OF THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK BY ELIHU BURRITT.

O THOU heavenly Muse! companion of angels! prophetess of God! thou who listenest to high, and immortal strains! rehearse to me the song, then sung by the angels.

Hail, thou sacred land of the revelation of God! Here we behold him, as he is, as he has been, as he shall be;—here see the Blessed without veil, without the intervening shadow of distant worlds. Thee we behold in the congregation of thy redeemed, on whom thou deignest to look with gracious eye. O thou art Infinite Perfection! Truly art thou, and shalt be called in Heaven, the Unutterable Jehovah! Our songs, living by the power of inspiration, in vain attempt thy likeness; even directed by thy revelation, we can hardly express our conceptions of thy divinity. Eternal, thou art alone in thy perfect greatness! Every conception of thy glorious being is more sublime and holy than the contemplation of all created things. Yet thou didst resolve to see other beings than thee, and let thy en-souling breath descend on them. Heaven didst thou first create, then us, heaven's inhabitants. Far wert thou then from thy birth, thou young, terrestrial globe; thou sun, and thou moon, the blessed associates of the earth; First-born of the creation, what was thy appearance, when, after an inconceivable eternity, God descended, and prepared thee for the sacred mansion of his glory? Thy immense circle, called into existence, assumed its form. The creating voice went forth with the first tumult of the crystal seas; their listening banks arose like worlds. Then didst thou, Creator, sit solitary on thy throne in deep contemplation of thyself. O Hail the reflecting Deity, with shouts of joy! Then, aye then, were ye created, ye seraphim, ye spiritual beings, full of intellect,—full of mighty powers, and perceptions of the Creator!—ye whom he created of himself for his worship. Hallelujah, a joyful hallelujah be by us unceasing sung to thee, O First of Blessings! To Solitude thou saidst: Be thou no more! and to the beings; Awake Hallelujah!

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'Till now Jehovah had fixed his eye upon the earth; for thence, from the fullness of his soul, the Son was still holding with the Father discourse of fate-concealing import,—fearful, glorious and holy, full of the retributions of life and death, obscure to the immortals themselves; discourse of things, which the approaching redemption of God should publish to all created beings. But

now the Eternal's eye filled heaven anew; all met in waiting silence the divine look. All now awaited the voice of the Lord. The celestial cedars no longer waved, the ocean kept silence within its lofty shores. God's breathing winds tarried motionless, between the brazen mountains, awaiting the descent of the Almighty voice, with outstretched wings. Thunders from the holy of holies rolled down upon the listening ears of the expectant beings. But God spoke not yet. The sacred thunders were only heralds of the approaching divine answer. When they ceased, the throne was unveiled at the gracious look of God revealing his sanctuary,—the long desired throne prepared for the lofty thoughts of the Eternal. Then full of earnestness the cherub Urim, the trusty angel of the everlasting spirit, turned, full of divine contemplation, to high Eloa, and spoke: "What seest thou, Eloa?" The seraph Eloa arose, went slowly forward and said:

"There on these golden pillars, are labyrinthian tables full of prescience; there the Book of Life, opening by the breath of mighty winds, reveals the names of future Christians, new awarded names, of heaven's immortality. How the book of the universal judgment opens, dreadful, like the waving banners of battling seraphs. A fatal sight for those degraded souls, that rebel against God! O how the Almighty unveils himself! Ah, Urim, in holy stillness the candlesticks glimmer through a silver cloud; by thousands of thousands they are glimmering,—types of churches reconciled to God! Count, Urim, the sacred number.

"The worlds, Eloa," replied he,—“the deeds of crowned angels, and their joys are numerable to us; but not the effects of the great redemption of God's compassion.” Then spoke Eloa: "I see his judgment seat! Fearful art thou, O Messiah, Judge of the world! Fearful is the sight of the lofty throne. Glowing with ready vengeance, he thunders from afar! Almighty tempest bears him aloft into the thundering clouds! Soon, O Messiah, soon, Judge of the world, shalt thou appear armed with eternal death!"

Thus discoursed Eloa and Urim between themselves. Seven times the thunder had torn away the veil, when, soft stealing down, came the Eternal's voice:

"God is love. That was ere the existence of my creatures: when I formed the worlds, then, too, was I love; and now, in the completion of my most mysterious, most exalted work, am I the same. But, through the death of the Son, the Judge of the world, shall ye fully know me, and offer new worship to the Fearful One. Did not my extended arm sustain you, ye finite beings, ye would sink at the spectacle of great death."

The Eternal paused. In deep admiration they folded holy

hands before him. Now beckoned he to Eloa, and the seraph, reading in Jehovah's countenance what he should say, turned to the celestial audience, and said :

"Behold the Eternal, ye chosen righteous ones, ye holy children. Know his heart, for in his thoughts ye were the most beloved, when he contemplated the salvation by the Redeemer. Ye have ardently desired, God is your witness, to see at last the day of redemption, and his Messiah. Blessed be ye, children of the Deity, born of the spirit! Shout for joy, ye celestial sons, ye behold the Father, the Being of Beings. Lo, he is the First and Last,—the everlasting God of mercy! He, God,—Jehovah, who is from eternity, whom no creature can conceive—he condescends to call you children. This messenger of peace sent from his son, has come in your behalf to this high altar. Were ye not born to be spectators of this great redemption, O then would it have been in distant solitudes a mysterious, unsearchable theme. But now with us, shall ye, offspring of the earth, welcome that day with rapture, with eternal exultation. We too will explore the whole unrevealed extent of your redemption : with you will we complete this mystery with a more enlightened view than ye, ye devout and weeping friends of your Redeemer, who still wander in darkness. But his lost persecutors! Long already hath the Eternal blotted them from the holy book! but to his redeemed he sends a divine light. They shall view the blood of reconciliation no longer with weeping eyes. They shall see it, as, before them, its stream is lost in the ocean of eternal life. O then shall they here, solaced in the bosom of peace, spend the illustrious festival of eternal rest. Ye Seraphim, and ye souls, escaped from the snares of life, begin the jubilee, which shall last henceforward through eternity. The yet mortal children of the earth, generation after generation, shall all be gathered to you, until at last perfected, and clothed with new bodies, they shall enter into blessedness after the general judgment. Meanwhile, ye high angels of the throne, go forth from us, and instruct the guardians of God's creatures, to prepare themselves against the festival of the chosen, mysterious day."

[Christian Citizen.]

THE PRESS.—The press is a messenger of truth, the herald of science, the interpreter of letters, the amanuensis of history, and the teacher of futurity. Like the sun, it dispels the gloom of night, irradiates the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge on the world : it dilates the perceptions of man, extends his intellectual vision, inspires his heart with sensibility, and his mind with thought, and endows him with past and present omniscience ; it directs his way to the temple of fame, and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruin of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O, how thrilling—pressure of the hand! The last

fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account, with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile, tributes of regret, but take warning by this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

STANDARD OF CHARACTER.

BY D. BETHUNE.

THE prejudice of dark ages, when a false aristocracy contemned labor in any form as dishonorable necessity, is passing away, and should have no place in a philosophical or republican mind. To determine a man's position in society by the honest calling he follows in life, is as contrary to the justice of good sense, as it is to the genius of our political institutions. The petty distinctions of social rank which have obtained in this country, excite the deserved ridicule of calm observers of other lands. Nothing can be more absurd than pride of family, in people who scarcely know the birthplace of their grandfathers! or an assertion of superior nobility, by one who sells cloth in packages, over another who sells ribands by the yard! or by the importer of

bristles in hogsheads, or of hides in cargoes, over him who makes brushes or shoes ! or by the professional man over either, when he is in reality the paid servant of them all. We are members of one body, necessarily dependent upon and contributive to each other's well being. To look down upon a neighbor because his way of serving the community differs from our own, is to despise ourselves. We should own no superiority but that of age, worth and wisdom. The highest officer of our government is entitled to honor, only as he faithfully administers to the people's good : and for one, without any reference to parties or individuals, I can see no humiliation in the retirement of a statesman, conscious of truth, from his lost magistracy to his farm ; while I rejoice that there is but a single step from the log-cabin to the capital.

It proves the working like leaven of that blessed doctrine our fathers wrote upon the bond of our confederacy, the native equality of the people. Yet, certainly, cultivated intelligence is, as it should be, necessary to real respectability. The merchant is little more than a common carrier, and the mere mechanic than an animated machine, convenient and useful in supplying the needs and business of the community. To win our trust and deference, they must prove themselves mentally and morally worthy of it. It is when, leaving behind them with the dust of their warehouses and workshops the thirst for gain, they exhibit a liberal sympathy and a wise zeal for social advancement ; when the wealth they may have acquired is devoted not to ostentatious display, but to the patronage of art, the furtherance of learning, science and religion ; and when the poor receive their unreluctant aid, the stranger their cheering hospitality, and every man their kindly courtesy, that we own them as brothers in their manhood, and venerate them as fathers after their heads are crowned with righteousness or hoariness. To acquire the elements of such a character, some years may well be spent in cultivating a taste for graceful thoughts, habits of philosophical observation, and sound notions of Christian, political and economical ethics.

POETRY.

BY DR. CHANNING.

POETRY, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressed cares, and awakens the consciousness of its efficacy with what is pure and noble. In its

legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity ; that is, to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feeling, expands our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

ON SEEING A MANIAC SUDDENLY SMILE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

WHERE are those poor thoughts wand'ring now ?
Almost a sunny gleam
Broke o'er that melancholy brow,
To light its cheerless dream !
So swift the smile shot o'er thy face,
As if relentless thought
Resolv'd, un pitying, to efface
The transient joy it brought !

O ! was it borne on Future's wings,
So radiant—so bright ?
Where Hope its gladson sonnet sings—
Of never proved delight !
Or was it of that joyous Past,
When boyhood's laughing hours
In sanguine projects speed so fast,
No disappointment lours ?

It cannot of the Present be,
Wrapp'd in the fearful gloom
Of dull and drear insanity,
Which antedates the tomb !
Ah ! sure it was of that fair sky,
Where reason lives again—
In holy calm reality,
Releas'd from folly's chain !

An angel, from that bright abode,
Sent thee that fleeting thought—
Painting the mercy of a God,
By patient suff'ring bought !
Ah ! who can tell what radiant gleams
Of future glory shine,
To light the maniac's brooding dreams—
Shed by a power divine ?

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

DEAR READER, we really wish you, and not you only, but the entire world of intelligences, a *Happy New Year*. But how feeble are wishes, however good they may be! They cannot make even one soul happy, much less the world. And yet the difficulty is not that it is impossible for all to be happy; *all* might be happy if they would, *i. e.* if they would obey the laws on which their happiness depends, viz. the law of God, the obedience of which, only, is consistent with the philosophy of the human mind. We will make clear this position, we think, in a few words. Everything in nature is governed by fixed laws—every living creature has its element; the bird the air, the fish the sea, &c. To illustrate this, take the dove that travels so easy in the air, so happy and gay; place the happy creature one foot below the surface of the water, how soon its joy is gone, it struggles but for a moment, and dies! Take, also, the nimble trout that swims and floats so easy, and is at peace; place it one foot above the water, how changed the scene—it struggles for breath, but how soon it dies! And why all this change? Why, they were out of their element. So man, made in the image of God, holy, free from sin, God and holiness was his element so long as he obeyed the law of his Maker. The smiling and lovely face of his God was upon him—his happiness was perfect. But the moment man sinned and disobeyed the law of God and the law of his nature, that moment his joy departed, unhappiness and death came. And why this mighty change? Like the bird in the water, and the fish in the air, he was out of his element; therefore he could not be happy; and he never can, till he is changed, or the laws of his existence. Now, dear reader, to be happy, what will you do? I will tell you, in the language of God's word, come to Jesus Christ, who has died to make an atonement for sinners and for you. What can you do to be happy this year? Go to Christ, bow before his throne of grace, repent, be humbled, believe with ALL THY SOUL, hang on his promises, give up to him at once, have faith in his blood, and his Spirit will come over you; your sins will depart and you brought back to the element of your original state, viz. *holiness*. Depart not again from his precepts, and you will be happy, not this year only, but it will be without end. Why not, then, take the sure way to peace? Why wish to be happy and not take the sure way to accomplish it? No longer expect happiness in the various vanities of this world. Oh, listen then to the voice of thy Redeemer, and be happy this year and for ever!